As thoughts of things Divine, are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the Faith it ſelfe
Againſt the Faith; as thus Come little ones; and then
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell ( againe,
To thred the poſterne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonders; how theſe vaine weake nailes
May teare a paſſage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walles;
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelves,
That they are not the firſt of Fortunes ſlaves,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt. Like ſilly Beggars,
Who ſitting in the Stockes, refuſe that ſhame
That many have, and others muſt ſit there;
And in this thought, they finde a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of ſuch as have before indur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelfe a Begger,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penury,
Perſwades me, I was better when a King;
Then am I king'd againe; and by and by,
Thinke that I am un-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And ſtraight am nothing. But what ere I am, *Muſicke.*
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Muſicke doe I heare?
Ha, ha? keepe time: How ſowre ſweet Muſicke is,
When time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Muſicke of mens lives:
And here have I the daintineſſe of eare,
To heare time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring:
But for the Concord of my State and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
I waſted Time, and now doth Time waſte me:
For now hath time made me his numbring Clocke;

My



My thoughts are minutes; an
There watches to mine eyes t
Whereto my finger, like a Di
Is poynting ſtill, in cleanſing t
Now ſir, the ſound that tels w
Are clamorous grones, that ſt
Which is the bell: ſo ſighes a
Shew minutes, houres, and ti
Runs poaſting on, in *Bullingb*
While I ſtand fooling here,
This Muſicke mads me, let i
For though it have holpe ma
In me it ſeemes, it will make
Yet bleſſing on his heart that
For 'tis a ſigne of love, and lo
Is a ſtrange brooch, in this all

*Enter G*

*Groo.* Haile Royall Prince.

*Rich.* Thankes Noble Peere
The cheapeſt of us, is ten gro
What art thou? And how c
Where no man ever comes, b
That brings me food, to mak

*Groo.* I was a poore Groom
When thou wer't King, who
VVith much adoo, at length
To looke upon my (ſometim
O how it yern'd my heart, v
In London ſtreets, that Cor
VVhen *Bullingbrooke* rode o
That Horſe, that thou ſo o
That Horſe, that I ſo careful

*Rich,* Rode he on Barbary?
How went he under him?

*Groo.* So proudly, as if he h

*Rich.* So proud, that *Bulli*
That jade hath eate bread fr
This hand hath made him pro

K

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA